Somewhere Far Away (work in progress)

Boy In Space

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I remember the first time
When you touched my hands and I
Felt like I just ran a mile

Break up words, we talk in dance
We were brought up to go mad
All the time we never had

Crush me up like a paper cups to die
Tears they rush in, all of us tonight
Build 'em up inside

Somewhere far away
You're breaking every part of me
Chase you down the street
Overreaching, you were out of here
You left me in mid air
So hard for me to understand
Lay here carefully
And I'm tired of writing poetry
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